NUMB. XVIII.

THE PLAIN DEALER.

Qui fit, Mæcenas, ut nemo, quam ſibi ſortem
Seu ratio dederit, ſeu fors objecerit, illâ
Contentus vivat : laudat diversa ſequentes. ——— HOR.

Cætera de genere hoc (adeo ſunt multa) loquacem
Delaſſare valent Fabium. Ne te morer, audi
Quo rem deducam. Si quis Deus, En Ego, dicat,
Jam faciam Quod vultis : eris tu, qui modo miles,
Mercator : tu, conſultus modo, ruſticus : hinc vos,
Vos hinc mutatis diſcedite partibus. Eia!
Quid ſtatis? nolint. Atqui licet eſſe beatis.
Quid Cauſæ eſt, meritò quin illis Juppiter ambas
Iratus Buccas inflet : neq; ſe fore poſthac
Tam facilem dicat, votis ut præbeat aurem? ——— Ibidem.

FRIDAY, MAY 22. 1724.

FELL aſleep, the other Night, after meditating, in my Bed, on our general Diſſatisfaction, at the Fortune that is allotted us; and had, again, an extraordinary Dream, but very different from my laſt; and ſo ſtrongly diſtinct, and entertaining, that, I flatter my ſelf, my *Readers* will be glad to ſhare it's Impreſſion, while it is new, upon my Memory.

I WAS plac'd, I knew not how, on the Top of a green Hill; which was very flow'ry, and fragrant. The World, methought, lay under it, in a vaſt Deſcent of Cloudineſs! A thouſand Roads led up to it; but, with ſuch intricate, and mazy Windings, that my Eye was unable to trace any of them, diſtinctly: Yet they, all, open'd, at laſt, upon the Summit of the Hill, and pour'd out a mix'd Multitude, of both Sexes, and of all Ages, and Conditions; who, as ſoon as they had reach'd the Flat, haſtened forward towards it's Center.

I WAS wonderfully pleas'd, to diſcover *Patty Amble*, in the Crowd; and, giving her my Hand, led her on, with great Compoſure. She inform'd me, That the Place we were upon, was the *Mount of Fortune*; and, That ſhe was going to a *Fair*, which is held on it, and call'd, *Mend-all Market*. Her Buſineſs, ſhe ſaid, was to change her Condition, for a Better; and, ſhe doubted not, but I might do the ſame, if I pleas'd, ſince I had found my Way, up the Hill. For All People, who came thither, were allow'd the happy Privilege, to lay down their own Burdens; and take up Lighter, in the Room of them.

IN the very middle of the Plain, we came, at length, to a kind of *May-Pole*, which was bigger than the *Monument*; and as High as the *Pike* of *Teneriff!* It was of a bright *Yellow*, or *Gold-colour*; but twinkled, ſtrangely, at a Diſtance; and looked dazling, and tranſparent. There hung, off from it, all about, lovely Garlands, of precious Stones, with a Mixture of the ſweeteſt Flowers; the *Hues* of which, were *changeable*, and varied every Moment, with a moſt bewitching Delightfulneſs. Upon the Pinacle of this Pyramid, ſat the Goddeſs of the Place, very buſily ſpinning: But the Thread, ſhe twiſted off, was too *fine*, to be ſeen, diſtinctly, by Us, who ſtood, ſo far, below it. The Wheel, in its Motion, made a muſical Sound; but ſo rough, and ſo loud, that it ſhook the Hill, all round it. It ſcatter'd, while ſhe turn'd it, a ſparkling Shower of *Globules*, that were many-colour'd, but hollow; and broke, like, empty Bubbles, in their deſcending over the Multitude.

WHAT I obſerv'd, with moſt Concern, was, that, the nearer we came, the Proſpect grew leſs Charming; for the Duſt was ſo thick, that our Eyes, and Mouths, were filled with it: and our Heads ak'd, with the Buſtle, and the Noiſe, of the Tumult. The Commodities, which were to be barter'd for, lay, ſpread, every where, in Heaps; and All, who paſs'd between, were invited to come, and cheapen them. — *Sweetmeats*, *Limonades*, and Variety of the fineſt *Fruits*, were offer'd, diligently, up and down, by little *Cupids*, with painted Baskets: And Trumpeters, Jugglers, Rope-dancers, *Merry-Andrews*, and *Opera-Mongers*, were exerting themſelves, on all Sides, to compleat the Uproar of the Market. But, tho' I paſs'd by all their *Stages*, I ſaw no more than *Two*, whoſe Faces were well known to me; and Thoſe were, *Heidegger*, and *Doctor Fauſtus*.

IN the Front of every Pile, roſe an *Alabaſter Pillar*, whereon hung a Picture, fill'd with Figures, all in *Motion*; repreſenting whatever was moſt tempting, and deſirable, in the Merchandize it recommended. And, at the Foot of each Pillar, was placed an *Ebony Chair*; on both Sides of which, ſtood young, and beautiful Women, dreſs'd like *Muſes* and *Graces*: Some inviting Paſſengers to take Poſſeſſion of the Empty Seat; and others pointing up, to a Compartment, on the Top of it, where was to be read, in golden Letters, the Name, and Quality, of the Merchandize.

WE made up, to a Heap, that was remarkably higher than the Reſt; and read, there, the Word

ROY-

ROYALTY. We were agreeably ſurpriz'd, to ſee, moving, in the Picture, that hung upon this Pillar, *Armies*, *Palaces*, and *Navies!* Crowds of Men, upon their Knees; and Women, ſtill more proſtrate! —Banquets, Treaſures, Sports, and Triumphs, all ſucceeding, in their Turns, drew a mighty Crowd of Gazers; who were ſtruggling for the Chair, and puſh'd Each other from it. *Patty Amble* was very earneſt, to have had *Me* put in for it: But I wink'd upon her, to be quiet; and, preſently, we ſaw a Perſon, breaking ſtrongly through the Crowd; who, with loud *Huzza's*, and Concurrence, plac'd him, there, and bow'd round him. —But, no ſooner was he ſeated, when the tempting Figures, in the Picture, chang'd, immediately, into *horrible* Ones! — Cares, Dangers, Hatred, Reſtleſsneſs, and a thouſand *ſooty Furies*, roll'd, unquietly, about him! The *Muſes*, and *Graces*, were transform'd into *Serpents*, and *Satyrs*! that hiſs'd, grinn'd, and pointed at him. And, when he wou'd have, gladly, eſcap'd, and ſprung out of the Chair, He found himſelf held down in it, by a Troop of *meagre Phantoms*, that frighted us away, from any further Obſervation of him.

THE next Place, that we ſtopp'd at, was the Column of BEAUTY. We look'd up, to the Picture, and ſaw, moving, in it, a mix'd, and confus'd Buſtle, of Coaches, Footmen, and Coronets: Men, with their Hearts in their Hands; and an indiſtinct Cavalcade, of ſhapeleſs Things, without Heads, call'd Smiles, Sighs, Vows, Deſires, Faintings, Languiſhments, and Adorations. There came, up, to this Place, in great Hurry, a fat, but ſprightly, Young Woman, with a Bundle, under her Arm; which ſhe laid down, by Way of Barter; and which, we obſerv'd, as ſhe ſorted the Goods, to be fill'd with large Legs, red Hair, brown Skin, big Breaſts; and Small-Pox-Marks, in Abundance. The Attendants, at the Pillar, having agreed to the Exchange, were inviting her into the *Ebony* Chair; when I, who, by this Time, grew to ſuſpect their fair Appearance, *turn'd* the Picture, with my *Stick*: and expos'd it's other Side to the *She-Merchant*; which was to be Part of her Bargain, and conſiſted of Scandal, Spleen, Jealouſy, Anguiſh, Perjury, and Ruin. She no ſooner ſaw the Faces of this ugly Neſt of Monſters, but, ſnatching up her own Bundle, ſhe ran, as faſt as her thick Legs cou'd carry her; tumbling, Head over Heels, at every Heap in her Way; and getting up, as ſhe beſt cou'd; without ſtaying, to look behind her.

WHILE we were diverting our ſelves, at this pleaſant Flight, A Perſon, whom Nature had deſign'd, and limb'd, for a *PLOWMAN*, had been ſeiz'd with an Ambition to be made a *Miniſter of State*; and, having thrown down his Burden, of Toil, Penury, and Dirtineſs before the Pillar of POWER, had ſeated himſelf, triumphantly, in the Chair, at the Foot of it; but was frighted out of his Wits, by that Time we came up to him; for we found him almoſt ſmother'd, under an unmerciful Load, of Slanders, Terrors, Axes, and Halters; which he had much ado to crawl out from; and was bawling, with great Earneſtneſs, and Diſtortion of Muſcles, to have his *Own Goods* reſtor'd him.

IN the next Compartment we examin'd we found written the Word, TITLES. We ſaw, there, a Beau, with ſix Footmen behind him, very earneſtly peruſing the moving Trophies, in the Picture. My *Coquet* felt her Heart beat, at the Sight of ſo fine a Gentleman; and whiſper'd her Opinion, That I need not turn *that* Picture; for, ſure! there was no *Ill* to be apprehended, *there*; —I did it, however, and the Beau fell into Fits; at the ſudden ruſhing out of a Whirlwind, of Ignorance, Conceitedneſs, Scorn, Luxury, and Diſeaſes!

I Frighted an honeſt Citizen, in much the ſame Manner, from the Standard of WEALTH. He had taken a Fancy for Preferment: and was wiſhing, extremely, to be erected, into an *Alderman*! — He had counted out, for the Purchaſe; a Life-full of Eaſe; a ſmall Parcel of Underſtanding; and *Ditto*, of Conſcience. But, the very Minute I turn'd the Picture, there flew, into his Face, Dullneſs, Cuckoldom, and Clumſineſs! upon which he took to his Heels, and left his *own Bag* behind him.

AT the Column of WIT, I was agreeably entertain'd, among a large Circle of *Gapers*, who were admiring the wonderful *Mechaniſm* of the Picture, that was hung upon that Pillar. — Cities, Mountains, Oceans, Woods, Skies, Meadows, Gardens, Gods, and Goddeſſes, Gyants, Mermaids, Cupids, Dragons, Miſtreſſes, Witches, Enchanted Caſtles, Fields of Air; and Seas of Fire; all, delightfully, intermix'd, and confounded, roſe, and charm'd the Obſervation! — But the Crowd diſpers'd, immediately, on my diſcovering, to their great Terror, and Amazement, that there lurk'd, behind all this Gayety, a *lean* Society, call'd Envy, Malice, Poverty, Dependence, and Calamity!

I walk'd quite through the *Fair*; and, where-ever I wander'd, perceived it was, in all Parts, alike. They, who brought *Complaints*, to exchange, againſt *Good-Fortune*, choſe to carry their *own* back again, rather than conclude a *New* Bargain. There was ſomething, in every Heap, that they were inclinable enough to purchaſe; — But there was ſomething too, that muſt go with it, which they could not bear to be troubled with: ſo, they went murmuring, away; and beſtow'd their Curſes, in great Plenty, on the Goddeſs, who kept the Market; which was never the thinner, notwithſtanding; for, ſtill, new Crowds ſupply'd the Places of thoſe, who return'd, diſſatisfy'd. Nor cou'd the Warnings they met with, from ſuch Numbers, who had been diſappointed, prevail with theſe New Comers, to believe, they ſhou'd go back again, without being the Richer, from a *Mart*, that was ſtor'd, ſo plentifully, with all, that the World calls Valuable.

AMONG the infinite Variety of Temptations, which glitter'd, every where, about me, I was in Danger but once; and That was, at the Pillar of FAME. I ſaw, when I turn'd that Picture, that the Weight of the Counterbalance lay, chiefly, in theſe four Evils, — *Death*, *Time*, *Detraction*, and *Uncertainty*! Yet, ſo ſtrong was my Deſire to float my Name through Futurity, that I was reſolutely determin'd to take Poſſeſſion of the Chair. — But, having Nothing of Value about me, but my *Oaken Stick*, and *Mouſe-colour'd Gloves*, (the firſt of which they refus'd, becauſe of the Miſchief it had done 'em, in turning up the wrong Sides of their Pictures; and the Second, becauſe not *fine* enough to be faſhionable, in that Region,) I was forc'd, upon an Expedient, which I am almoſt afraid to confeſs: for Fear of loſing, for ever, the Good Opinion of my Female Readers.

TO ſay all, in a Word, I was, heroically, reſolv'd, to give up my *Love* for my *Glory*; ſo, taking *Patty Amble* by the Hand, I proffer'd *Her*, in Barter, (having no *Other Commodity*.) The Attendants, who watch'd the Pillar, were juſt ready to take Hold of her; when ſhe threw her Arms about my Neck, and *conjur'd* me, by all the Tyes, of Honour, and of Gallantry, that I wou'd not leave her, a Sacrifice, to ſo empty a Divinity, as the Regent of that Mountain! She begg'd, that I wou'd return, with her, to the Lower, but happier World: and, whatever I ſhould ask of her, ſhe wou'd grant me, by Way of Recompence. I took her, ſuddenly, at her Word, and ask'd her *Heart* for a *Fairing*. — Nay, ſpare me but that One Thing, ſaid ſhe, with a languiſhing Reproachfulneſs, and take *any thing elſe, about me*.

Unfortunately overjoy'd, at this Bliſs, which, methought, befel me, the ſudden Flow of my Spirits, under a Senſe of the promis'd Tranſport, caus'd ſo violent an Agitation, that, waking on a ſudden, I dropt, out of her Arms, and perceiv'd my ſelf in my Bed, in *Barbican*.

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